FROMAN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

BERLIN, March 10.

The death of Kaiser Frederick—a fatality which even according to the most sanguine of those en titled to speak with authority on the subject, ca hardy be delayed beyond the summer months and which in fact may occur at any moment-wiresult in a state of affairs at Berlin of particula interest to Americans. During the last six mouth Prince William has, by reason of the failing facuties of the late Emperor and the absence of hi afflicted father at San Remo, been wielding the powers and enjoying the rank of a de facto, al though not de jure, regent. Naturally of a dom: neering and autocratic disposition, the young Prince was not backward in availing himself to the fullest extent of the advantages of the peculia situation, and exercised his authority in so high handed a manner as to incur the gravest displeasure of his father, the present Emperor. For reasons of his own. Prince Bismarck, instead of striving to temper and bridle Prince William's character and to imbue him with constitutional rather than autocratic notions, lost no opportunity of encouraging the unlovable youth to quaff the intoxicating draft of Imperial power. Like all persons of hot-headed and somewhat self-sufficient disposition, Germany's future Kalser is as soft as wax in the hands of a clever and clear headed woman. In his particular case the woman happens to be an American lady, the daughter of a New York banker of the name of David Lea, who in 1864 was created by the Emperor of Austria a Princess von Noer in her own right on the occasion of her morganatic marriage with Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein.

Born in 1840, Miss Mary Lea was but twentyfour years of age when she captivated the affections of the septuagenarian Prince at Paris. The wedding took place in the French capital after a courtship of only a few weeks, and the curiously assorted couple, without proceeding to Germany. sailed from Marseilles for a prolonged bridal trip through Egypt and the Holy Land. The young Princess played her cards exceedingly eleverly During the three months' trip up the Nile, the aged husband became more than ever infatuated with his beautiful young wife, and on his return to Cairo he drew up a will in which he bequeathed to her every farthing of his enormous wealth. including the valuable Noer estates, worth some \$4,000,000. From Egypt they made their way to Mount Sinai, and thence to Jerusaiem. Having visited the various places of interest in the Holy Land, they proceeded to Beirut, and were on the point of embarking for Smyrna when the Prince was suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off a couple of hours later. The beautiful young American, after only six months of married life, thus found herself at barely twentyfive years of age free to marry again, a Princess of the Austrian empire in her own right, and one of the wealthirst women in all Europe. Remembering, however, old Weller's maxim that

as a rule mankind regards widows as a snare, and that the fact of their happening to be beautiful only serves to increase the suspicion with which they are viewed, Madame de Noer determined to lose no time in getting another husband. With this laudable purpose in view, she took up her abode at one of the most fashionable of German watering places, where her beauty, her wealth, per eleverness, and the touch of romance in her history soon caused her to be surrounded by a crowd of suitors of every degree and nationality. Among the most prominent and desirable of these was a Count Waldersee who, besides being a member of one of the ancient families of Prussia, was a great favorite both of the King and of Count Bismarck, and generally regarded as one of the most prominent staff officers of the army. Still young in years though high in military rank, Count Waldersee was then, and in fact still is, a singularly handsome man, of elegant figure and clear cut features, whose ambitious views are tempered by a very clear head and a vast amount of common sense. By the time that Princess de Noer's first year of widowhood had expired the Battle of Sadowa had been fought, and the Count had been promoted from the rank of Colonel to that of Major-General. As his wife, the young American was far more likely to be able to enjoy antages of her rank as Princess than as a single woman and a foreigner. Accordingly, toward the end of 1866 a marriage took place between the Count and the widow, who shortly afterward proceeded with her husband to take up her residence at Berlin.

Aided by his charming wife's cleverness and wealth, Count Waldersee now became an important personage in the Prussian capital. A favorite of Field Marshal von Moltke, and maintaining his intimate relations with the great Chancellor, he gradually got to be looked upon in the light of the lat er's repr sentative on the healquarters staff. He greatly distinguished himself during the Franco-German war, and when, a couple of years later, increasing age and infirmities forced Von Moltke to ask for a deputy, General Count Waldersee was nominated to the post with the rank of Quarter-master-General of the Imperial German Empire. His wife's salon had mean while become a power in Berlin. It was the rallying place of the Chancellor's party as opposed to that of the anti-Bismarckian court factions, and the great statesman, who has moulded in so wonderful a manner the German Empire and German unity, is never tired of expressing his warm regard for and high appreciation of the services rendered to his policy by the American Princess.

When, in 1881, Prince William, the present Crown Prince, married Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the power and influence of the Waldersees still further increased, for by virtue of her first marriage Princess de Noer is a grandaunt of the royal bride. The latter, who is neither attractive nor clever, did not meet with much kindness at the hands either of the Prussian Royal family or of the Imperial Court. Her mother-inlaw, the present Empress, who is one of the most talented and clever women in Europe, is intensely intolerant of stupid women; and, unfortunately, she made no pretence of hiding the fact that she eldest son's wife in that sategory. Thoroughly unhappy, disconcerted and friendless. Princess William was only too glad to seize the helping hand held out to her by Count Waldersce's wife, and to avail herself of the relationship which existed between them to turn to her for guidance and advice. Few persons were better qualified than Countess Waldersee to act the part of mentor to the young Princess among all the pitfalls of the Berlin Court and society. Nor was the result long in making itself felt. The Crown Princess has become completely subject to the will and direction of her clever relative, and Prince William was not long in following his wife's example, and is now almost as subservient as the latter to the talented American.

The present Empress of Germany has always displayed a marked antipathy towards Count Waldersee's wife, whom she regards as a parvenu, an intriguante, and even as an adventuress. The bitterest enmity rages between the two women, and partly to this must be attributed the exceedingly strained relations between the present Empress and Prince and Princess William. It is due to the influence of Countess Waldersee that for more than five months past Princess William has entirely ceased to correspond with her mother in-law, and it is likewise due to the Countess that both Prince William and his wife have displayed such marked favor to the well-known Court Chaplain Stoecker, the leader of the "Judenhetz" movement, who is probably the bitterest and most openly avowed of the enemies of the present Emperor and Empress. Pastor Stoccker is the editor of a religious weekly paper. "The Ecclesiastical Review," and in the number issued on the 10th of Deember last he actually had the audacity to write in an editorial article signed with his name the following cruel sentence:

Let us pray every day and every hour for our roy unity, and in particular for the old man (Kaiser W Let us pray every day and every hour for our oyal-family, and in particular for the old man (Kalser Wil-helm) and for the young man (Prioce William) of this race of heroes. May God in his morey grant that the terrible punishment which has avertaken the sick Prince (the present Emperor) hear fruit, and may it bring resignation to his mind and peace to his conscious.

It should be borne in mind that this strange

aragraph, in which it was openly insinuated that user Fritz's malady is a just and well-merited unishment for his sins, appeared just at the time hen, sorely afflicted and singularly blameless,

he Prince appeared to be nearest to death's door; a time, in short, when Pastor Stoecker was ing about everywhere exclaiming: " A brilliant uture is about to open up before us."

A few days later both Prince and Princess Villiam were present at a lecture delivered by astor Stoecker in the salons of Countess Walderee, the main purpose of which was that a re-ival of the movement against the Jews was ecessary to ensure the maintenance of the throne, he preservation of the Vaterland and the saferuard of society. An appeal was made for funds for the Stoecker Berlin Mission, which, under the over of propagating the Gospel, is especially deoted to the work of the anti-Jewish movement; and a liberal response was made thereto by those resent. Moreover, at the close of the lecture, Prince William arose and endorsed "his friend" 'astor Stoecker's, remarks in such foreible language that a profound sensation was created broughout Germany at the time, and that Prince Bismarck was forced to publish an official notice to the effect that they had been misunderstood. It should be added that the present Emperor has frequently expressed his strongest disapproval of dier's residence; just on the corner are the Pastor Stoecker's participation in the "Judenhetz" laincy. The Emperor, whose liberal and broadminded tendencies are well known, is of the opinion of Frederick the Great, namely, that everybody is entitled to seek eternal salvation in his own way, and he has even gone so far as to be present with his wife at the solemn manguration of a Jewish synagogue in order to show how thoroughly favor towards their father's assailant, Prince and Princess William actually took the trouble house and to convey to him in person their good wishes-an unheard of compliment, and entirely in contradiction of the traditional court etiquette. this will suffice to show how great is the influ-

ence which Countess Waldersee wields over the ence which Countess Waldersee wields over the future Emperor and Empress of Germany. During the past six months court has been paid to her such as was paid to Madame de Maintenon during the latter part of Louis XIVth's reign. During the latter part of Louis XIVth's reign. During the next few months and until the sad death of Unser Fritz, her star will suffer a slight eclipse, while her salon will become the rendezvous of those discontented with the present regime—and they are numerous. But as soon as youne William succeeds to his father's crown, and the Crown Princas become a Empress, the role of our country-woman will become a commanding one, and the "power behind the throne" will be vested in the person of Mary Lea. Princess of Noer and Countess of Waldersee.

Beton letter in The Providence Journal.

A gentleman recently repeated to me an account given him by Mr. Thomas Edison of the making of the first phonograph. It has not, so far as I know, been in print, and is interesting, as showing the inventor's methods of working. Busily engaged on innumerable things Mr. Edison carried in his mind for a long time the idea of the phonograph, turning it over and over, and from time to time joiting down sketches and memoranda concerning its construction. At length he said to an old German machinist, who made models for him, that he wanted a machine constructed in a certain manner, but of the use of it he gave no hint. Now and then as the work went on without seeing the model, Mr. Edison ordered certain changes, which, of course, were duly made. Finally the German was told to bring the machine for examination; Mr. Edison fitted into it the sheet of tinfoil, and turning the crank spoke into the funnel the somewhat familiar verse, about Mary and her little lamb. The German regarded him as if he thought he had gone mad; but when Mr. Edison reversed the motion and the phonograph pipingly repeated his stanza, the old man threw up his hands and exclaimed in the utmost astonishment, "Mr. Metatin Literature The Gase." Boston letter in The Providence Journal.

MR. MARTIN ILLUSTRATES THE CASE.

Washington gosstp in The St. Louis Globe Democrat to the room where the killing took place, and they pressed the opinion that it would be almost imposs for him to have deadly weapons concealed on his pe without their observing them. The attorneys for defendant made this a strong point in setting up plea of self-defence. When it came Mr. Martin's to the convention of without their observing them. The atterneys to the defendant made this a strong point in setting up the plea of self-defence. When it came Mr. Martin's time to sum up for the prosecution, to the surprise of everybody, he appeared in court in a dude suit of clothes as nearly similar to those worn by the prisoner as they well could be. He made a ringing speech and tore tre plea of self-defence to pieces. He ridiculed the idea that the prisoner could not conceal deadly weapons in his clothes and called the jury's attention to the suit he then wore. He asked if they though he had any deadly weapons concealed on his person at the time. The jurors gave a negative shake to their heads. As they did so Martin stuck his hand inside his vest and pulled out a long-bladed knife and threw it on the table. Then he pulled a pistol from his hip pocket and threw it on the table. This created a sensation, but there was more forthcoming. To make a long story short, Martin pulled out seven long-bladed knives and four revolvers that he had concealed on his person. He had a pistol in each of his hip pockets, one in each of his boots, two knives in each of his boots, and the other knives, making seven in all, were concealed in his clothing. He knocked the bottom out of the plea of self-defence, the jury found the prisoner guilty and a few months later he was hanged.

## CONSOLATION

CONSOLATION

From The Detroit Free Press.

A lady dressed in deep mourning and having a look of destonian refinement and reserve got on a Chicago train ound for Denver one day last week. Away out in Kanas, near Dogwood Creek, there boarded the train a native f the soil in the shape of a woman in a green delaine ress, a blue and rud shawl and a yellow nubla. She repped easily and gracefully into the seat in front of the day in black, turned around, stared hard for a moment

" 1-1-did you speak to me?" asked the lady in surprise.
"Yes'm-widder!"

"Thought so. Quite recent, ch?"
"Yes."

What allded him?

"Consumption."
"Linger a good while P

" Much ag'ny ?"

"Nuch ag'ny?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Coughed a sight, hey?"

"Oh, yes; but 1—"

"I know what'd cure him in less'n a month. Never nowed it to fail, an' I've seed it tried in cases where ney'd been give up by five dectors. Yes'm. But it in't no use talkin' 'bout that now. Any children?"

"Yes, three."

"His folks got 'em?"

"No; but reality, I—

No; but really, I-Two boys an' a girl, or two girls an' a boy?"

"Two girls."

"Oh! D's you get your thirds out an' out?"

"Really, madam, 1-"

"Or did he leave a will?"

"Excuse me, but-"

"The law gives a woman her thirds, but 'tain't often she gits 'em out 'n' out. I think she'd ort to have half, don't you?"

"Lal-yeally."

don't you?"

"I-l-really, I don't know."

"Well, I do. Was you made gardeen of the children?"

"Woell, I do. Was you made gardeen of the children?"

"Woell, I bet I'd be gardeen of my own young uns if my man was to die. These gardeens git the prop'ty haif the time. Did he have money in bank?"

"I beg your pardon, but—"

"You ort to made him put it in your name. It makes it lots easier when the man dies to settle things up. His kin try to break the will?"

"Excuse me—"

Excuse me—"
— A.man cayn't die nowsdays 'thout a pack o' his folks tryin' to break the will, no matter how many wives and children he has. You goin' to wear erape all the time or

children he has You goin' to wear crape an the time or only a year?"

"Pardon me, but—"

"12's becomin' to you, but kinder expensive for common wear. But dear me, you ain't more n thirty-six or thirty-seven, are you?"

No reply. "I don't know how you feel 'bout second marriages, but

"Oh, madam, please You'll marry agin, now I'll bet you do. Oh, I know how you feel now. My sister Cindy felt and talked list so, an' she married agin in six months an' done well, too. I'd wait a year, if I was you. It looks better, shows respect and all that; but if I was young as you an' had only

spect and an that; but if I was young as you are had only three children I'd—"

But the lady in black had fied to the next car, and her consoler turned to the man on our right and said:
"Taik 'bout her not marryin' agin! I've an idee she's goin' West a-purpose to see if she kin do well there, and I don't blame her."

NOT QUITE RIPE.

An uptown hotel diving-room was made to ring with laughter last night by the remark of a boy of perhaps six years of age. His parents had ordered boiled eggs, medium well done with the meal. The waiter had brought the eggs on exceedingly soft and had been sent out for a second lot, which proved as soft as the first. "Perhaps, mamma," ventured young America, in a shrill pipe that was heard all over the big room, "Perhaps the hon laid those eggs before thay were ripe."

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL.

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE.

CURIOUS MEETING BETWEEN HALF-SISTERS-GOVERNOR RUSK-HOW A REBEL WAS ROUTED. WASHINGTON, March 24.-The death of Chief Justice Valte has cast a gloom over official society. It came with a startling suddenness, few people being aware of the fact that he was ill. His own family did not anticipate a fatal ending until very early Friday mornng. At home the Chief Justice was one of the most genial of men. After leaving the Supreme Court he oved to throw saids the cares of his official position and mingle freely in society. He was almost always present on Mondays when Mrs. Walte has held her eceptions; with his back toward the fire-place he ould chat with every new-comer and have a pleasant word for each. He entered into all this with the spirit of a young man; there was certainly no man in public life upon whose shoulders seventy-two years rested more lightly than they did upon Mr. Waite.

The house of the late Chief Justice is situated on I-st. It is a large brick building, unpretentious but comfortable, surrounded by the residences of many dis inguished men. On one side is the old-fashioned mansion of John W. Foster, once the United States Minister to Moxico and then to Spain; on the other that of John W. Thompson, the well-known Washington banker. Next to this house is Senator Chanformerly occupied by James G. Blaine, Fernando and repeatedly, though unsuccessfully, urged Wood and Governor Thomas Swann. Almost immedi-Kaiser Wilhelm to deprive him of his Court Chap- ately adjoining the Waite house the Mexican Government has recently erected a building for the use of its Legation: near by, too, Editor McLean, of "The Cincinnati Enquirer," has converted the old-fashioned ouse once occupied by Hamilton Fish into a residence

of five proportions.

In the home of the late Chief Justice was a library situated in the rear of the second floor immediately over the dining-room; it is what he used to call his he disapproved of persecution of the Jews. As if "den." Well lighted and ventilated, tastefully carstill further to demonstrate their sympathy and peted and papered, it is a charming apartment. I saw it not long ago. The bright fire glowed and on New-Year's Day to drive to Pastor Stoccker's it, a large table at which the Chief Justice was in the habit of working was drawn up close to the fire, so that he could get the full benefit of its warmth; it was piled with legal-looking papers, from half-open drawers peeped others of the same character, and on a little cleared space stood a half-empty coffee-cup. cases and covered with the conventional sheepskin, lined the four sides of the room. In every available place where bookcases did not interfere were hung engravings of the Chief Justice's predecessors, and large photographs of Webster, Grant, Hayes and other distinguished men. From the top of the bookease a great stuffed owl, that emblem of pompous wisdom, looked down as if sitting in judgment on the Chief Justice and his visitors. It was in this room that Judge Waite did most of his work, and it was here that he wrote his decision on the telephone cases. It is here, too, if I mistake not, that he administered the oath of office to General Arthur, when the news

of Carfield's death reached the city.

When he first came to the Supreme Court, some fourteen years ago. Judge Walte was in the habit of doing his work in the evening, but he soon found that social duties demanded that portion of the day. made up his mind that he must work in the morning, so he was an early riser, and with no companion save his cup of coffee did his work while most of his colleagues were yet in the land of dreams.

There was a curious incident at the residence of a certain Senator the other day. Some twenty years ago the daughter of a distinguished public man died, leaving her husband with a little daughter. A year or two later he married again and had a daughter by the second wife, from whom he was subsequently divorced. The wife was given the custody of her child, who was reared and educated at a distance; while the daughter of the first wife remained at the home of the grandparen - in Washington. In time the father of these young ladies died. The girls had, of course, heard of each other, but they never met until they were accidentally brought together at the house of the Senator a few days ago. The person who introduced Wathington gostip in The St. Louis Clobe-Democrat.

Once, when Mr. Martin (now Congressman) was a District-Attorney in Texas, he was prosecuting a man for murder at Nacogdoches. The accused was a New-Orleans drummer, who, it was alleged, stabled a man to death in a room at a hotel. The plean of self-defence was set up, the accused claiming that the victim attempted to kill him, and that the knie with which the wounds were made belonged to the dead man, and that tedefence brought the prisoner into court in the light summer suit he wore the day the killing took place. The prosecution aimed to prove that the prisoner and his clothes in such third, close-fitting clothes. Evidence was then submitted of people who saw the prisoner and his clothes in submitted of people who saw the prisoner and his clothes in submitted of people who saw the prisoner as a went to the room where the killing took place, and they expressed the conversation steps of the matter history, nor was she aware of the collect of the was not until they separated that they discovered their own relationship. The grandmouther of the elder girl explained to they separated that they discovered their own relationship. The grandmouther of the elder girl explained to the him they separated that they discovered their own relationship. The grandmouther of the elder girl explained to the prisoner into court in the light summer suit he wore the day the killing took being the control of the fall of the family explained to her family explained to held friend of the family explained the relationship to the other. The next time the girls must be defence brought the prisoner and his clothes in the carried that they was not until they separated that they discovered their own relationship. The grandmouther of the edder girl explained to the fall of the family explained the relationship to the other. The next time the girls made to five the suit the control of the fall of the family explained the relationship to the other. The next time the girls and the carried that mise to visit each other soon.

> The following story is told by a well-known clerk of the Interior Department: "Did I understand you to say that you had had

considerable experience with the Indians in the West !" inquired a man on the eastern train of a tall stranger. "Yes, I suppose I have." "What do you consider the outlook for their civili-

thing. Why, sir, only last week I traded with one of the most intelligent of them, an old horse, blind in both eyes, all crippled up generally and good for nothing, for two fine ponies, and the poor devil never knew that he was cheated. I can't understand

why it is the Indian doesn't improve more rapidly."
"Yes, that does look bad for them, true enough I suppose you have a ranch near one of their reser-

plied the stranger, as he threw his big leg over the arm of the seat. "I was sent out by the William Penn Society of Philadelphia, and have been laboring

among the red brethren for the last twenty years." Washington visiting the scenes of his cid associations while he was a member of Congress years ago, and is receiving a great deal of attention. Jerry," as he is familiarly known, was very popular both sides of the House. Every one respected his rough but honest ways. When Garfield was "Uncle Jerry," who had always been a warm friend of the General, expected a good appointment. He was a candidate for Commissioner of Public Lands, but that office was given to some one eise; then he wanted the office of Commissioner of Agriculture, but that too was denied him. Finally Garfield offered him the Mission to Uruguay. This he declined in disgust, and went home, as he said, to "haul saw logs." He was, however, at once nominated for Governor, and made so efficient an executive that he has been re-elected biennially ever since, and it is possible that his State will send a delegation to the National Convention strongly in

favor of his nomination to the Presidency. It was during the Anarchist riots in Milwaukee two years ago that "Uncle Jerry" achieved his greatest of the firm, committed suicide at the end of a periodi-He gave the Aparchists cold lead from the start, so that the demonstrations were promptly suppressed. The popular indorsement of his action in the press of the country was so enthusiastic that the Governor became the hero of the hour, and is reported to have said that he believed another riot would

"Uncle terry" has always been a muscular Christian : his large frame and physical power have served him more than once in hand-to-hand conflicts in the lumber regions of Wisconsin. When he came to Washington in 1875 as a member of the XLIVth Congress, he took an active part in the debates that occurred over Andersonville and Jefferson Davis's pension. On one occasion he got into a controversy with a Southern member, which ended in an appeal to arms," and "Uncle Jerry" laid his antagonist out d" with a single blow of his monstrous fist. Of this feat he was very proud, and some years afterward, being among a party of old Congressmen, he resented the statement that a member of the House was seldom of any service to the country in his first

"That may apply to some men," he exclaimed, "but it doesn't fit me; I had not been in Congress two months before I knocked one rebel down, and scared all the rest of them so badly that they used to cross the street whenever they saw me coming."

Congressman Wilson, of West Virginia, during the was a private in Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry. He accompanied Jones's command on its raid into Western Virginia in 1863. In Doddridge County, Mr. Wilson says he encountered an old lady with strong Union proclivities, who forthwith proceeded to express to him in very strong language her detestation of Confederates in general, and Jones's raiders in particular. Thinking that she had exhausted herself, Wilson, who was slight in stature, and had very light hair and mustache, remarked:

"But, madam, you really should not be so hard

the old lady his Confederate friends as models of gallery. The most regular attendant is Mr. Blan-

manly beauty and courage. It had the effect only of raising the ire of the old lady, and shaking her

fist at Mr. Wilson, she exclaimed: And I suppose you are a specimen. Why, you are a miniature Tom Thumb, and your mustache looks for

all the world as though it had been soaked in buttermilk daily for the last six months." After that onslaught Mr. Wislon had no more to say; fully demoralized, he beat a hasty retreat.

Mr. Lind, the one-armed Scandinavian member from Minnesota, is something of a joker. The other day he received a letter from one of his constituents, who said that he understood that a bill had been introduced and had hired substitutes during the war. As he was one of that class, Mr. Lind's correspondent went on to man's opinion as to the chances of the bill passing at this session of Congress. Mr. Lind wrote his constituent in reply that he was not aware that such a bill had been introduced, that he did not know that any committee would report it favorably or that it would pass the House, if reported; but of one thing he was quite sure, to wit, that if such a bill should pass both Houses it would not be vetoed by the President.

told when discussing pension matters. Like other Confederates, he was told that he ought to have thought of this matter of pensions twenty-five years ago. With a perfectly serious face, Mr. Allen, who was a Confederate private, replied that at the beginning of the war he had not given it the due consideration to which it was entitled "He had been," he said, "quite a

But along about the third year of the war I began to think seriously of it, and so much had I been impressed with the fact that the course I was pursuing rould bankrupt the United States in pensioning the in hand, I retreated across five or six States with the enemy in my front rather than slay a whole army. The contest had finally come to the point where I saw that I would have to slay the whole army or simply give up, so I laid down my gun like a man and wen

He wanted, however, to call attention to a little in cident which occurred when he was on his way home. He had gone into the war at the age of fourteen and had remained four years, and he was pretty well tired of fighting. There was another boy with him on the way home who had not been in the war so long, and wanted to go across the river in Alabama and fight with Kirby Smith. He had had about enough fighting and did not wish to go. and he and his friend were arguing about the matter when they saw an old gentleman across a field watching their approach. When they reached him they found him to be very much interested about the surrender and about "Our

"I told him," said Mr. Allen, "that 'Our Institu-"Well, what are you going to do, young man?" he

as ked.

"Young man," said he, "you are right; you go home and go to ploughing. My experience is that when you fight and get beaten you ought to go and do something else." Going on in this way, the old man fell to philoso-

phizing and finally said, musingly:
"Boys, this has been a mighty bad war; we have lost a good many of our best men; we have a great many one-legged and one-armed soldiers among us now, who can scarcely earn a living, and a good many

widows and orphans. Society has been terribly de-moralized, our homes have been desolated, our fami-lies have been broken up. Yes, boys, it has been a terrible war, but we could stand all this if I didn't feel morally certain that some fools, who have not te much reputation out of the war, will be wanting to throw this thing up to us for the next twenty-five One of the most cordial admirers Mrs. Claveland has is Senator Palmer, of Michigan, who has frequently

declared that if Mrs. Cleveland should be nominated by the Democrats, he would bolt his own party and support her. A number of the Senator's friends and constituents called at the White House this week and when, in the course of conversation, 'the Senator's name was mentioned, Mrs. Cleveland said that she had

she could see the falls to perfection. After the bridge was passed she thanked him for his kindness and asked him for his name, which he said was Tom Palmer, of Detroit; then he asked for her name, and was

told that it was Frances Folsom, of Ruffalo." Frances Folsom, of Buffalo, was then a schoolgirl and afterward visited Niagara Falls frequently, but she never forgot her friend, Tom Palmer, of De-troit. She learned from the newspapers that he had been elected to the Senate, and when she came to Washington, before her marriage to the President as the guest of Miss Cleveland, she met him at the White House but never recalled the incident to his memory.

It was not until his friends repeated their conversation with Mrs. Cleveland to Senator Palmer that he identified the young schoolgirl with the wife of the President. He recollected the incident very well, and and often recalled the pretty face of the girl but had forgotten her name. The next time he sees Mrs. Cleveland he proposes "to talk over old times."

I ran across some Californians the other day, who Chels" Ruckley, the blind hoss of the Pacific Slone Buckley is one of the peculiar productions of Pacific Coast politics and has had an extraordinary career. He has been for years a leader of the San Francisco Democracy, and is now chairman of the Democratic State Central Connecttee. From the position of a small saloon keeper and ward striker he has made his way to that of the manager of the great political machine, and has accomplished all this while being practically blind. Mr. Buckley was born in Ireland, but his parents removed to this country when quite young he lived through his boyhood and New-York, His father was a contractor. Young Buckley reached the Pacific coast in 1860, when he was but eighteen years of age. He began life as a street-car driver, and devoted all the spare time he had to Ward polities. His assiduity soon made him a rival to "Al" Fritz, the local Democratic boss. The two soon entered into political partnership, and opened the saloon which became a sort of Democratic headquarters. The first move in the direction of successful politics was to reduce the price of whiskey to half a bit, or from 25 cents to 12 1-2 cents. They became popular, and before long were a political power in San Francisco. Fritz, the senior member cal spree, and Buckley, who had already become boss. From that time to this he has been a dictator in local Democratic politics. He is a man of medium size, has a pleasant face, a square mouth covered by a full mustache, and a jaw which shows indomitable visited Europe recently, and is said to have offered to a number of eminent oculists \$50,000 if they would restore his sight. I hear that his case is hopeless.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, is perhaps one of the best and most painstaking politicians in the Senate.

I am told that in order to make sure of his "friends" he hit upon a somewhat novel plan. Appreciating the value of having a man correctly reported and properly understood, Senator Brown conceived the idea of employing a driver who should also be a stenographer. The Senator's carriage is always driven by two jet-black horses, and in Atlanta the turn-out is known as the "Black Maria." Now, whenever the Senator wants a "friend" of his to commit himself. he invites him to take a drive. The critical moment arrives when the carriage comes to a hait and the Senator's guest is about to depart. It is then that the wily Senator engages him in carnest conversation and gradually leads up to important questions, to which committing answers are frequently returned These the stenographer-coachman takes down on little pads of white paper. The Senator pays the young driver a handsome salary, and looks upon him as one of the most valuable persons in his employ. The boy was taught stenography in the office of the General Passenger Agent of the Senator's railroad, the Western

It is said that Senator Brown has in this ceeded in committing every man in Georgia who can be of the least use to him. Of course, I give this story, as Frenchmen say, "with all reserve." It was told to me by a Georgian.

A few blocks below the Capitol, on Pennsylvania on the Confederates," and then he went on in what was intended to be soothing language to extel to of the House and two Senators are frequenters of the

chard, of Louisiana, chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee. He and his clerk, Mr. Hickman, an excellent shot, drop in and practise a little almost

every day on their way from the House.

Mr. Blanchard is a mild-looking gentleman, o slender, frail build, and with a softness of manne that is very deceptive. He comes from a family of duellists; his grandfather, father and uncle were of one side in the famous Sandy Bar duel, that too place many years ago just below Natchez, Miss., it the days when the Code was the court of arbitration

That the sire has a worthy son in the present chair man of the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors may be seen in the fact that Mr. Blanchard keeps up his pistol practice. The keeper of the shooting gal lery told me the other day that Mr. Blanchard is very best pistol shot that has ever been in his gallery here or in any other city; and he and his gallery arperipatetic, going from city to city during the reces of Congress. He says that Mr. Blanchard can hit the bullseye at regular duciling distance with a duciling pistol three times out of five; and the other shots don't range far from the centre.

His clerk, Mr. Hickman, who avows with as true as eye as ever pulled a bead on the deadlest enemy that he is no kin to the late Beau Hickman, breaks glass halls that fly swifter and more crooked than a swallow and with an accuracy and fatality of aim, that commands respect for his veracity as to his being no kit to the "Beau." Mr. Blanchard is not to be despised with the rifle, but with a pistol he is a dead shot; and he keeps his hand in, too.

" He knew Mrs. Cleveland's uncle," at least that is what Mr. Ben Ulman, late Hebrew banker of the Monumental City, assured the Lady of the White

It was on the occasion of a private reception. Mr Ulman happened to be at the White House with a delegation from Baltimore that had come to Washington to invite the President to visit that hospitable torgue of terrapin and anti-Gorman Democrats. After a private audience with Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Ulman had insisted that the delegation should be shown through the building. With a princely liber-ality that was characteristic of the wealthy banker, the had insisted on one of the porters accepting a donceur for showing them through the building. When the guide came to one of the reception rooms he explained that strangers could not enter then. a

That fact only sharpened the natural curlosity of Unabashed he slipped a \$10 the inquisitive banker. gold piece into the guide's hands who elinched it tightly and moved away, as Mr. Ulman and his friends entered. As Mr. Ulman finally reached Mrs. Cleveland, having given his name to the usher he was pre-sented in due form. This honor and the circumstances of the innocent escapade served to disturb Mr. Ulman's equanticity, and he became " flustrated."

As the graceful Lady of the White House accepted the hand of the banker, Mr. Ulman felt he ought to say something; so he jerked out in quick gasps with a decided German accent:

" Very glad to see you Mrs. Cleveland; I knew you uncle, Mr. Neale, in Baltimore. A very honest man, madam, very honest man; I knew him. I've often disgounted his nodes." With this affable expression, the genial banker

than delighted to meet a gentleman who was nore than delighted to meet a gentleman who was so in-timate with her husband's uncle (which the late Mr. Neale, of Baltimore, happened to be) and who had such a high regard for his honesty, based on close financial relations. is needless to say that Mrs. Cleveland was more delighted to meet a gentleman who was so in-

#### NOB! US DYNAMITE WORKS.

Prem The A. James's Gassite.

The factory lies in the heart of a great expanse of sandy plain on the southwest coast of Scotland. On approaching it a visitor is halled by the mounted guard that patrols the environment of the factory; and he will have to show very satisfactory credentials before he is allowed to go further. On the way to the manager's house a viliage is passed where I vere the whole of the operatives employed in the manager's house a viliage is passed where I vere the whole of the operatives employed in the manager's house is the shed of the patisades which enclose M. No. of's houses. Some distance from the manager's house is the shed where the practical process of making nifro-glycerine is seen at a glance. Before the visitor gets there have been a pearly of the factory of the factory of the practical process of making nifro-glycerine is seen at a glance. Before the visitor gets there have every he is divested of his watch, chain, money, acys, and every particle of metal he max have about him. This seemingly excessive pressulion is perfectly necessary, for the fall of even a peany on a floor containing a grain of the explosive might be attended with disaster. Felt shoes have to be worn. In the draft shot reached there is a large tank in which are two parts of oil of vititol and one part of the fuming nitre acid. A cistern above the tank contains glycerine, and when this is introduced into the acid the compound known as nitroglycerine is at once formed. The operation is, however, an extremely delicate one. The tank is in charge of a workman upon whom the sole responsibility of an explosion vests. If too much giverine is introduced into the acid at one time, the temperature of the mixture may rise above 77 degrees Fahr, and a spontaneous explosion will at once follow; so that the operative's eyes are never off the themometer—his own hope of safety lies in keeping down the temperature of the mixture to some 7 or 8 decrees below its explosive heat. He is aided somewhat by ice and cold water which a From The . t. James's Gazetta. about an even chance whether it will explode ere it leaves the shed or wait until it reaches the open. The second size is to wash the newly formed chemical combination in water, which very slightly absorbs it. It is then put into "Winchesier quarts" and conveyed with the atmost care into wooden huts or dug-outs. As an instance of the extreme susceptibility of nitro-glycerine to concussion, it is related that a man was once seen to slip in the act of depositing a bottle in a but the merely tripped, in the ordinary sense of the word, but there was an instant explosion.

that a man was once seen to slip in the act of depositing a bottly in a hut he merel; tri; ped. In the ordinary sense of the word, but there was an instant explosion and hardly a fragment of the poor fellow was gathered for desent burial. Passing on through other shells, ac see the mixture of the intro-glycerine with a peculiar orandoiferous earth, the new substance being dynamite. This is then carried to a long shed, where it is pressed into carriedges by mach nery, the operatives being young women. Not the least curious of the many curiodities at these works are the ponds into which the washing water is run. Tradition has it that the detonative property of the water was not discovered, until an angier one day attempted to seduce the fish with a May-fly. At his first cast, however, the pond blew up, and he found himself some hundreds of yards away, harply unhut. To obviate a similar danger new. Saturday is reserved exclusively for cleaning the works in every denariment, and among other things for deliherately blowing up the ponds. After congravulating himself on a safe journey through the carious houses, the stranger is api to hurry from the factory and only to breaths freely when he is again at the station. He will not have failed, however, to notice the many pre autions taken to insure ariety for those who daily risk their lives in the every havardous operations. Each section of the ope aftives is distinguished by a peculiar canvas suit with a colored marking no one may go on any pretence leaving his own denartment. The women work in fell shoes and bathing-dresses, and every single workman or workwoman is stripped and reclothed order guit to their taken. The explisive, too, are an itself in the smallest possible quantities, save in the first room of manufacture where enough is made at one time to blow up a city. The nitro-giveerine itself is a transparent, colorless, oily fuld, slightly coluble in water, but readily so in spirit, ether, or fat. One favorite way of destroying it is by bolling itself is a transparent, colorless, oily duid, slightly soluble in water, but readily so in spirit, ether, or fat. One favorite way of destroying it is by boiling at in potash, when it decomposes, glycerine and attre being formed. Perhaps the most curious use o which it has ever been put is the result of the scarching avostigations of its medicinal preprites oy Dr. W Plam Mu rell, who found it almost a specific for angina pectons, neuralgia and many developments of heart-disease.

## THE TIGER WAS A TIGER, AFTER ALL.

Picked up by The Kansas City Journal.

In the household of Rajah Kalinarain, of Dacca, there was a full grown tiger which used to go about loose on the promises. When this poor creature was quite young chloroform had been recently introduced into India and possibly by way of a crueial experiment of the strength of chloroform, a doctor, who was really one of the most kind hearted in the profession, extracted all the teeth and claws of the young tiger under chloroform. The animal thenceforth was treated as a big cat, and was petted and played with during the day while at night he was chained up ourside the entrance to the ladles' apartments, in case any one should wish unauthorizedly to onier or emerge from that part of the house. This tiger had, of course, to the fed on soft food, boiled goat's flesh and rice and vecetables were the "chef of his diet." In an evil hour, the men who had fed the tiger thought to amose themselves by letting him kill the goats which were brought for his food, and his he was oasity able to do by a blow from his hug forepaws, though denrived of their claws. Having thus learned how to kill a live being, he, unhappily, one night jumped on a small boy who had come within reach of his chain, and with one stroke broke the child's neck. He was found in the morning apparently very sorry and surprised at what he had done. But, of course, he had to pay the penalty of his crime, and was immediately shot by the rajah's orders.

## HIN BEST WORK.

HIS BEST WORK.

Lyman Abbett in The Chattauguan

It is very common for young men. I think, to determine the quality of their work by the price which they are paid for it. I only get, says such a one, five dollars a week, and I am sure that I am giving five dollars' worth of service; if my employer wants more, let him pay more; if he wants better, let him give better wages. This is specious reasoning, but it is false; and it is destructive to the best work, and therefore to the best manhood. No man can afford to do anything less well than his best. He who always strives to do his best work in the very process of striving, will grow better and better. Not only he will grow more skifmi in that particular work workmanship. This is an absolutely universal law, it is the absolutely universal road to promotion. The man who is careful to give nothing more than he gets rarely gris more than he give. The man who works for his own sake, who mix the best part of himself into every hiow that he strikes, who mixes all his way on and up. The world learned his worth and

# THE FASHIONS.

SOME BEWITCHING BONNETS.

ITTLE CHANGE IN SHAPES—NEW COLORS—GLOVES, The early Easter this year will find few New-orkers arrayed in new spring bonnets and gowns. The custom that demanded a display of spring clothes in Easter day, whether the thermometer registered immer heat or zero, is now more honored in the reach than the observance. The first bonnets of pring are still called Easter bonnets, and the shops evote the last week of Lent to openings of millinery and dress goods; but the fashionable woman of to day avoids as a parvenu fashion a special display of n elaborate spring tollet on Easter day.

The dress tonnet of the present, a confection of laces, ribbons, flowers and plumes, is but a successor of the old-fashioned head-dress, which is continually everted to by frame makers to suggest new shapes. The bonnet as it is to-day was hardly possible before the advent of ribbons, a novelty which delighted the beaus and belles of the reign of Charles II. In a letter to "The Spectator," it is recorded that no less than half a dozen yards of cherry-colored ribbons was used to make a small head-dress for a certain lady returned from London-" and whether," the writer adds, "this was her own malielous invention or the wantonness of a London milliner, I am unable to inform you." The dress bonnet has changed but little except in name since the introduction of the Fanchon or little bonnet. It has now become a law of fashion that the dress bonnet must be small in effect. It does not pretend to be more than a head-dress and does not need to be more, as the parasol does away with the necessity of shading the eyes beneath the bonnel

A large dress hat or a poke bonnet has never found favor in New-York, except for carriage wear, and the large shapes now seen in the exhibition windows of milliners are offered more as a bait to out-of-town trade, which demands something pronounced and strikingly different from last season's style, than to meet the requirements of regular customers in the city. The fact remains that a large hat burdened with plumes and lace is becoming to few women. The style belongs to portraits and to the stage, and cannot be introduced into our every day nineteenth-century life, any more than can the high flaring make of Queen Elizabeth's time, or any other of the picturesque but hopelessly impracticable fashions of former

The milliners of Paris and the London hatters have sent little that is distinctively new this season, except the large shapes. Milliners who supply fashionable New-York women do not suffer loss of trade, even if last year's bonnet is duplicated in this year's, or if their bonnets are so simple or severe in pattern that the amateur milliner can copy them; these customers do not make their own bonnets, even if they have the skill therefor. All this is different in the country and in many cities outside New-York, where decidedly new styles must be introduced and perplex-ing trimmings devised to induce economical customers to put aside their last year's bonnets and to forbear be coming their own milliners. The daintiest, prettiest bonnets of this season might have been made last season with equal propriety. At no time in the past has there been so little novelty to chronicle in millinery as

this spring.

Vellow crepes, tinted tulles, gold lace, Pompadou silk, in delicate colors of glace sheen, are all used for dress bonnets, with velvet, ribbon bows and simple flowers for trimming. Ribbon loops are often arranged in stiff fashion on either side of the bonnet, to heighten its effect. A dainty little turban for a young girl may be made of creamy crape, the crown being of white lilacs and the trimming consisting of a close cluster of three lightly-knotted bows in windmill style. The use of a flower crown on the dress bonnet is again a feature of fashion, and sometimes ivy leaves, with a few brilliant vermilion berries, mingled with the dark green foliage, are used for this purpose. There are also black tulle hats, with tvy leaf brim veiled with lace. A charming little cardinal crepe bonnet, raised in front by a pleating of black lace, may be finished with a rim of poppy buds, and trimmed with a high cluster of velvet popples, cats and field grasses. Grains and simple wild flowers from the wheat fields, poppies, bluets, oats, wheat and wild grasses are all popular this spring in garniture. A little capote of old net furnishes a good example of several slightly novel features of the season. The crown of this bonnet is composed of bluets, massed closely together with-out foliage, while the full, soft brim of corn-flower-blue velvet is held down on one side by a close bow of goldcolored ribbon, giving a piquantly different effect to the two sides in front. A high, closely tied cluster of corn flowers with wheat at the side, and ribbon ties of

blue finish the trimming.

A charming toque bonnet of pale pink taffeta, shot with silvery white and brocaded with flowers in Pompadour pattern is made with a soft silk crown, caught down by golden bees, and bordered with a brim of velvet. A high cluster of ripened cherrie trims the bonnet at the side. Grapes, strawberries, cherries and other fruits of rubber, light as plumes and skilfelly imitated from nature, are extensively used this spring for garniture. Still another bonnet of creamy white lace and moss-green velvet is made with a crown of gold lace, a brim of velvet and a high cluster of gold heat-heads and pale-green wheat leaves at the side.

There are many bonnets of Neapolitan braid shown

for summer in two colors, like gray and white, or white

and suede color. In some cases, these bonnets are

merely flat round pieces of Neapolitan and are shaped

into bonnets with pins. A bonnet of this kind, in white and gray braid is suitably trimmed with gray and steel full pleatings of creamy white crepe, and completed by strings of No. 12 ribbon. Exceedingly narrow or excoedingly wide strings are the rule. The toque bonnot, without strings, will doubtless be the popular model for summer, as no device of the milliner can pre-vent the strings of a bonnet from being uncomfortable in summer, or from becoming unsightly in a short time. Some intense tints of apple green, in yellowish tones, have been introduced to take the place of yellow as a foil for other colors, and there are some entire bonnets of tulie made up in this pronounced color. They are trimmed with clusters of apple blossom at the side.

of tulie made up in this pronounced color. They are trimmed with clusters of apple blossom at the side. This apple-green color is used in conjunction with dark bronze shades. Bronze is also used with pale blue, with cardinal, and with Nile green, a delicate tint of color in bluish tones, exceedingly becoming to goldenhaired blondes. Paradise yellow, a luminous color, so called from the plumage of the bird of Paradise, is a shade as universally becoming as creamy lace, and may be used next the skin, as it softens the flesh tints, and possesses the power of bringing out the full richness of many of the deeper shades. The nublen, a copper color, and other copper tints are not likely to find general favor, as they are very unbecoming in millinery goods, though copper metal in connection with white is promised during the summer as a novelty to succeed gold and white.

The glove now contrasts with the tellet, rather than matches the gown, and the colors imported in kid and silk handwaar are those which will serve this purpose. Pure slik gloves are shown with plain or embroidered backs in six-button length, in black, tancolor, mode, French gray, and tints of grayish Gobelin blue. These gloves are imported exclusively in Jersey style, with closed tops. Taffeta slik gloves are shown in the same colors with stitched and plain backs, to mean a mixture of slik with some other substance. Slik gloves range in price from 50 cents to \$1.50 a pair, according to length and quality.

Thanks are due to Altken, Son & Co., Miss Milne, and E. J. Denning & Co.

ENNOBLING A SPIRIT.

From The Pekin Garsette.

The military Lieutenant-Governor at Jeho requests that an honorife title may be bestowed on a spirit, who recently appeared in living form and proved responsive to the prayers offered to him. There are two streams at Jeho, one coming from the northeast called the Wu-lieh River, and another, which except after rain is only a dry bed, tunning into it from the west. In the grounds of the palace is a warm spring, from whose waters the town takes its name. Owing to the formation of the country the streams run with great volence; but thanks to the care of the River God, the palace has never suffered since the day it was built, more than two hundred years ago. This fact was recorded in verse by the Emperor Chilen Lung, who composed a poem on the subject. In the reign of Tao Kuang the great slutes, which had long been left unrepaired, was overflowed on several occasions, but still the palace escaped sorious damage. At the beginning of last August, while the great slutes was being repaired, rain fell incessantly for three days. The river spread beyond its bed and rose ten feet in height. A temporary weir which had been built was overwhelmed, and the danger at the moment was very great.

At the suggestion of the inhabitants the memorialist repaired to the Temple of the River Gods and offered up earnest prayers to the General of the Wu lich River. The waters fell immediately, and the dauger passed away entirely. More than this, the constant rains during the summer had brought the roads to such a condition that it was impossible to convey along them the materials required for the river works, and operations had, therefore, been almost suspended. But from this time onward the Walleh River continued to carry such a body of warer that, as very rarely happens it was practicable to bring things to the town in boats. The river thus took the niewe of the reads, and a second debt of gratitude was due to the delity.

\*\*existent of the subject of the Golden Dragou Prince. The memorialis